**And if you go (I wanna go with you)**
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# And if you go (I wanna go with you)

by Sm_dead

Summary

Two lonely boys and the desire to run away. Love haunts you in the most delicate ways at the most wrong of all times.

Or

Will and Damon beneath the nightsky. Confessions are made.

Notes

Title from Lonely Day by System of a Down

See the end of the work for more notes

“You know, sometimes I just wanna get in my car and run away from everything.”

The stars above them keep twinkling, unaware of the words being exchanged in their light.

“What, like, turn your back and leave? Never come back?” Damon turns his head so he can look at Will while the other answers. He needs to see the curve of his lips, the way his nose scrunches and his brows furrow in order to get the full picture.

“Yeah, just…ah forget it, it’s stupid.”

But Damon doesn’t forget. He keeps quiet, ponders the words; turns them over in his head again and again until he’s sure he caught the exact frequency, every little detail in Will’s voice. He won’t forget this conversation in the future either, at his most lonely moments he will remember what William Grayson told him that night beneath the stars.

“Would you take me with you?” It tumbles out of him, clumsy and not thought through. Damon can’t leave. He cannot leave his sister behind, their other friends. No, he can’t just up and go. But the words have been spoken already, jumped off his tongue like they’re ready to jump into a new life. And who knows, maybe he’d follow Will, if he decided to run off to God knows where.

Scratch that, Damon would follow Will anywhere without question. He’d have to come up with something to sort the rest out.

Will looks at him now, green doe eyes big and confused. Startled like a true deer in headlights. “Of course.” His answer comes out as a

breath, more whisper than words.

Of course. Like it's only natural that Will would take Damon anywhere, wouldn't even dream of leaving Thunder Bay without his best friend.

"Yeah?" Damon asks, amusement tangible in the lilt of his lips; a smirk threatening to spread.

"Yeah."

And the confirmation sends fire through Damon's veins. Is his heart still beating? He can't feel it anymore. Can't feel anything but the weight of Will's words in his chest. It feels like a confession, tastes like a promise. He wants to promise something too, confirm that this is mutual, that he isn't fucking around. Not with this. Never with Will.

But words have never been his strong suit, have they? No, Damon has always been about actions; actions matter more than words. A promise can be broken - a fist to the face is final.

So Damon reaches over, the grass beneath him tickling his arm, until his fingers find Will's; he intertwines them easily, looking back up at the stars. They're still there. Nothing has changed.

"Hey D?" Will breaks the silence again eventually, his fingertips tingling where they're touching Damon's. The latter hums. "Will you hold me?" It's the way that his voice breaks, whisper being lost to the night, that does it for Damon.

He sits up, watches the way Will tries to make himself smaller, like

this is his cue to run but he knows it's too late so he tries to simply become invisible. He knee walks over, just less than arm's-reach, slings his arms around Will's torso and scoots him against his broad chest.

"Yeah, Grayson, I'll hold you," he answers. *You don't have to ask*, he wants to add, isn't sure why he doesn't. Too much. He's always too much.

A little sniffle escapes Will, he holds onto Damon's arms, runs his fingers over the exposed skin until he finds the other's fingers and locks their hands again. "This is so sappy," he jokes. It is. This is sappy, *they* are sappy. And probably stupid. Very fucking stupid for letting this happen.

But Will can't stop it, he wants it to happen. He's usually the stupid one anyway, why not play into his role now too? They're all reckless boys, who can blame them for letting their emotions run away with their hearts?

*We want what we want.*

Damon chuckles, it rumbles through his chest; Will feels it in his back, where they're pressed together. "Can't help that you're such a romantic."

"Oh God, if this is your definition of romantic then I'm sorry for all the girls you've ever dated." Will snorts.

"I don't date."

"Right, I forgot you're a whore."

They both laugh though Damon feigns offence. “Ok, Mr. Loverboy, what’s romantic to you then?”

It’s silly, neither of them need to truly woo anyone to get what they want, dates are simply not what they do. They sleep around with whoever’s willing and forget their names by morning. What does Will know about romance? Maybe Damon asks not because he wants the banter to keep going but because he actually wants the answer to this question. If that’s the case,  he would deny it anyway.

Will tilts his head up, catching a shooting star just as it descends. Damon sees it too, neither says a word.

“I wish you would love me right now.”

It cuts through the darkness, stars forgotten, wish rotting on Damon’s tongue. He tries to pull back, needs to see Will’s face for this but the latter grasps onto him tighter, not letting him get away. “No please,” he asks. “Don’t leave me now.”

He wouldn’t. He doesn’t. Damon leans his head down instead, Will tilting his back so they’re face to face. “Why not say you want me to fuck you?”

‘Love me right now.’ It's very peculiar wording. A plea.

“Because I don’t want that. I don’t need a fuck, D, I could go to anyone for that.” *I need you.* It lingers in the air. Words unsaid turning bittersweet.

“Ok,” Damon breathes and it mingles with Will’s exhale. He turns the latter around, manhandling him into a better position but face to face again. “I will be gentle then.” Maybe it’s the first time in his life that he’s ever said this. It’s certainly the first time that he means it.

He wouldn’t be able to say who moved first but suddenly their lips brush, soft and careful. It’s not the first time they’ve done this but it feels like the first time that it matters. It feels like a first.

Damon’s hands wander until they reach Will’s hazel curls, bury themselves in the soft locks. He keeps his tongue to himself, only lips and spit while Will’s own hands settle on his body. Pull at the hem of his shirt.

“I want to feel you,” Will whispers. “Your body, your warmth on me. Please D, I want to-” He doesn’t have to ask for more - Damon obliges easily. It’s like he becomes putty in Will’s hands; pliable. And this should scare him, somehow it doesn’t. He pulls his shirt over his head, letting it drop somewhere behind him.

The brunet instantly puts his hands on the newly exposed flesh; lets his fingers run over the skin in featherlight touches that leave a trail of goosebumps behind. “You are always so warm, do you know that?”

Damon feels every cell in his body bend and twist to get closer to his friend's touch. Like sunflowers always face the sun, turn to her no matter what.

Will places a soft kiss right above his heart. “You’re like an oven. Better yet, you’re the s-”

No. People don’t turn to Damon to marvel at him. That’s Will’s thing. He shuts him up with a kiss. Can’t have him speak further, let these

sour lies worm themselves into his brain. He's no sun. If anything he's the moon and Will is the sun that people look forward to after a long night.

"You talk too much," he chides. Smile ever present on his kiss-slick lips.

"Can't help it." Will pecks his lips again, playful. "I get talkative when I'm nervous."

"I make you nervous?" Damon smirks, coal eyes roaming over Will's face for any indicator of truth hiding in his joking tease.

Will sticks his tongue out at him. "Of course, how could my heart not skip a beat when you're such a dapper young man?"

A big, genuine laugh breaks out of Damon, Will barking his joy loudly too. The stars watch them, omnipresent and observant. They're a reminder for life existing outside the little bubble William and Damon have created here. But who cares about anything else when you're being regarded with genuine care? When love swims in your favourite person's eyes?

Will's eyes fall to the height of Damon's armpit, a frown washing over him as he tilts his head to seemingly get a better look at his friend. He moves impossibly closer, pulls Damon's arm up and oh. Damon forgot. How could he forget?

Soft fingertips run over the ragged skin, trace the uneven pattern etched into his flesh. "You hide them so well." The words are breathed against his skin, making the muscle there jump. Suddenly Will leans further down, his soft lips press against the marred skin and-

The world stops spinning right then. Will moves from one scar to the next, kissing each one like his lips aren't gracing the ugly spawns of uncontrolled wrath. Like this is no big deal. Like he isn't touching Damon's very soul. And Damon can do nothing but sit there frozen, tears pooling in his eyes for some stupid reason. He has no reason to cry. Why would saltwater burn his eyes right now?

Will looks up at him through his lashes, green eyes like moss on muddy ground. "The sun." He smiles, kissing the last of the scars there before taking Damon's other arm in his hands, lifting like he's done to the left one just seconds ago and peppering kisses all over the vile scar tissue there too.

The sun.

"Stop." Damon's voice breaks as does Will's heart. But the brunet won't be deterred.

"Beautiful," he breathes against the raised flesh; his voice a mere whisper.

"Please Will."

"Perfect." His lips a fleeting ghost of adoration all over the most ugly parts of Damon.

"Will-" Damon's voice breaks on a sob before he can stop it from leaving his throat. Stupid. He's so stupid for having let this happen. For letting Will in like this. For exposing his most vulnerable parts, belly up.

Those angelic green hues meet his own dark ones again. Nothing but pure and utter love shines back at Damon. An innocence, which a man like William shouldn't be able to possess. "Promise me to take care of yourself, D."

A frown ripples Damon's face. What is that even supposed to mean? He *is* taking care of himself, he's alive after all, isn't he? "This sounds like a last wish or somethin'," he remarks with an ill-placed chuckle.

Honesty. That's all that comes to mind when the shorter regards his friend at this moment. Will is serious about this. More than, he's on the brink of shaking the shit out of Damon, get it in his head that nothing is allowed to fuck with William Grayson the Third's best friend, not even the very boy himself.

Damon doesn't know this though.

"If something ever ends up happening to me-"

"No, Will, we are *not* doing this right now."

Will persists, "If something ever happens to me," he repeats himself, "I want you to promise me to take care of yourself, ok? And don't you dare ever think it's your fault for not being there in the right moment or whatever. I know what your stupid brain can come up with." He flicks Damon in the forehead with a strained chuckle.

"Promise me."

“Where’s this coming from now?” It’s not an answer, Damon knows. Maybe he’s buying himself time, maybe he’s scared of what it means that his lips cannot seem to form the words Will so desperately wants him to say.

The brunet shrugs looking up at the glittering night sky. “Nothing is permanent.” The stars sparkle back at them; the perfect picture of permanence, which Will so vainly seeks. A promise maybe: no matter what happens, we’ll still be here. Nobody can take the stars from them.

Damon takes a deep breath, squeezing his friend’s hand where he reached for it on the grass covered ground. “Ok, no matter what happens Will, no matter what changes; look at the stars and I promise you I’ll look at them too, thinking of you. Remember this, we’ll always be looking at the same sky.”

Nothing is permanent. They’re going to uni soon, they won’t see each other for a long while, they all know it. Of course it’s fucking terryfing, having to live separatly from the people you’ve known your entire lives, spend every single fucking day with.

But even then, the stars will be up there, watching over them, promising another calming night after an exhausting day.

Slim fingers flit over Damon’s exposed chest, wandering down to his jeans’ button. “Okay.”

Damon arches a brow. “Yeah?”

Will nods. “Yeah.”

*Promise me to love yourself*

*I promise I'll always be here*

"Will you love me now?" Grief swims deep in Will's voice, drowned by the despair of fighting a losing war.

Damon shuts him up with a kiss, this time, he does enter Will's mouth with his tongue. He flicks it over each of the brunet's teeth, commiting each groove and dent to memory. Same as the taste of his tongue, the smoothness of his gums, the bursts of bitten off skin on his lips.

It's true after all, nothing is permanent but by God, if nothing else, his memory of this shall remain.

He doesn't remove Will's shirt, only pulls both their pants and underwear down enough it won't be in the way. Spitting in his hand, he holds his cupped palm out to the other. Will adds his own saliva to the little pool and Damon is quick to slick both their cocks with a quick motion.

The thought alone makes Will gasp, having both his own and Damon's spit on his dick while the latter jerks them off with his large hand wrapped around both their cocks. It's filthy and yet so delicately intimate. Damon is hot wherever his body presses against Will and the boy leans into it, welcoming the heat like a beautiful summer morning.

"Look at you," Damon murmurs. "You call me perfect yet you're in front of me looking like a Greek God. You're so beautiful, Will."

He's being too honest again. Way too honest, too vulnerable, too naive, too-

"You're my Apollo then." Will's eyes are pressed together tightly, otherwise Damon would seek answers in those wonderful greens right now. Surely the former must be joking. If anything, Will is the sun and Damon is naive little Icarus, building himself wings of dreams and ambitions glued together by nothing but sheer willpower and spite.

Oh, how he has fallen for this boy but even if this freefall means his impending doom, it feels like flying. The burning heat consuming Damon in sweltering devotion that cannot be explained by words of the mortal realm. Never before has he felt this free. Never again will he act this carelessly.

"I love you."

And only the stars watch over them, witness this display of aching adoration; an affection alternating both their lives forever.

End Notes

These two are the definition of tragic melancholy

(yes, I will single-handedly populate their tag, fight me)

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